THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poetry.

ON LOOSING THE USE OF MY LIMBS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES BROMLEY.

No more to join the busy crowd,
Thoughted along life's intricate way—
No more to hear the clearest bird,
They come from darting day to day—
No more to mail the enticing ride,
Where lowermost shallops proudly ride,
In wanton ease:
Ah! never more along the navy stream to glide
Before the breeze!

Those feet no longer now sustain
The weight which kindly Nature gave,
A child of grief, to bear of pain,
To fell disease a fettered slave,
My dearer parchment henceforth to dwell
Within the prison of my cell.
Not ever more
My artless strains to distant fields and woodlands tell,
As heretofore.

I once have days of pleasure seen,
Once fortune on my pathway shone;
In childhood's spring my earth was green,
My skies were bright, nor was there thrown
Athwart my horizon nine,
One gloomy cloud to hide a star
Those days are fled!
Adversity, high seated on his iron car,
Hath come instead.

In balmy groves of dusky pine,
That wave along yon sleeping hills
When summer's sun doth fervently shine,
And silent run the languid rills!
How oft beneath your cooling shade
To rest my weary frame I've laid
Me on the ground
Surrounded by the sweetest wild sulphre planted
There any round

To pastoral bride of deepest green,
Where luxuriant lovely twilight is grear,
Where hoary oaks—a sylvan scene—
Their dusky branches proudly rear
No more I drink the cooling breeze,
At summer's noon beneath your trees
To seek par flowers,
No more I roam along the plain, where lowers
Spread their bright hues

My summer walk among the hills,
With bending grass in overgrown
My mossy seat beside the rills,
Is left deserted and alone!
The sweet bird's song, but not for me,
Ah, who or greenness now shall see!
Along the way
The gentle breeze now seems to sense, and then' you tree
They sigh and wail!

Amid the shades of twilight grey,
I piped to range the grassy vale;
To wove the lists of pastoy day,
And hear the night bird's—her tale —
Oh sweet I be that rudely from
Those times career ecstatic, and off to mourn
In lonor pain!
Oh must I be of every kindly comfort store,
Their hope again!

Forgive me, Nature! should I severe,
And on thy verdant bosom she!
Those hours drops I fain would weep
Or! for! me to bewail I lean my head,
A view more pilgrim'd hour before
An hour of pain, of grief and woe —
Life super's ray,
Like morning's dream, like ocean's wave, like words
that blow.

I FAIN AWAY!

Original Tales.

RETRENCHMENT; OR, WHAT A MAN Saved by Stopping his Newspaper.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. BY HENRY G. LEE.

Not many years ago, a farmer who lived a hundred or two miles from the seaboard, became impressed with the idea that indeed he adopted a close cutting system of retrenchment, he would certainly go to the wall. Wheat, during the preceding season, had been at a high price for him, and unlucky for him, he had only a small portion of his land in wheat. Of corn and potatoes he had raised more than the usual quantity; but the wheat, the corn, and potatoes were low. This year he had sown double the wheat he had ever sown before, and, instead of raising a thousand bushels of potatoes, as he had generally done, only planted about an acre in that vegetable, the product of which was a short one hundred and fifty bushels.

Unluckily for Mr. Ashburn, his calculation did not turn out well. After his wheat was harvested, and he patiently waited for the rising the price of the former still to ninety cents per bushel, and the price of the latter rose to one dollar. Everywhere, he wheat crop had been abundant, and almost everywhere the potato crop promised to be light.

Mr. Ashburn was easily disappointed at this result.

"I shall be ruined," he said at home, and carried a long face while absent. When his wife and daughters asked for money with which to get their fall and winter clothing, he grumbled sadly, gave them half what they wanted, and said they must retrench. A day or two afterwards, the collector of the "Post" came along and presented his bill.

Ashburn paid it in a hasty, reluctant manner, and then said—

"I wish you to have the paper stopped, Mr. Collector."

"Oh, no, don't say that, Mr. Ashburn. You are one of our old subscribers, and we can't think of parting with you."

"Sorry to give up the paper. But must do it," continued the farmer.

"Isn't it so good as ever? You used to say you'd rather give up a dinner a week than the Post."

"Oh, yes, it's as good as ever, and sometimes I think much better than it was. It's a great pleasure to read it. But I must retrench at every point, and then I don't see how I am to get along. What's down to ninety cents, and falling daily.

"But the paper is only two dollars a year, Mr. Ashburn."

"I know. But two dollars are two dollars. However, it's no use to talk, Mr. Collector; the Post' must be stopped. If I have butter luck next year, I will subscribe for it again."

Thus bid the collector nothing to urge, and he withdrew. In his next letter to the publishers, he ordered the paper to be discontinued which was accordingly done.

Of this little act of retrenchment Jane, Margaret and Phebe knew nothing at the time, and the farmer was rather loathe to tell them. When the fact did become known, as it must soon, he expected a bearing in the house, and for some days after this made him half repent of what he had done, and almost wish that the collector would forget to notify the office of his wish to have the paper stopped. But, the collector was a prompt man. On the second Saturday morning, Ashburn went to the post office as usual. The post master handed him a letter, saying, as he did so—

"I can't find any paper for you, to-day. They have made a mistake in not mailing it this week."

"No," replied Ashburn. "I have stopped it."

"Indeed! The Post is an excellent paper. What sched one do you intend to take?"

"I shall not take any newspaper this year," replied Ashburn.

"Not take a newspaper, Mr. Ashburn!" said the post master, with a look and in a tone of surprise.

"No. I must retrench. I must cut off all superfluous expenses. And I believe I can do with out a newspaper as well as any thing else. It's a mere luxury; though a very pleasant one I own, but still dispensable."

"Not a luxury, but a necessary, I say, and indispensable," returned the post master. "I don't know what I wouldn't rather do without than a newspaper. What in the world are Phebe, and Jane, and Margaret going to do?"

"They will have to do without. There is no help for it."

"If they don't raise a storm about your ears that you will be glad to allay even at the cost of half a dozen newspapers, I am mistaken," said the postmaster, laughing.

Ashburn replied, as he turned to walk away, that he thought he could face all storms of that kind without flinching.

"Here's a letter for you, Mr. Ashburn, leaving farther conversation.

"I wonder from whom it came?"

"Open it and see," very much disinspected.

"It has never missed before," she said, looking earnestly at her father.

No suspicion of the truth was in her mind; but, to the eyes of her father, her countenance was full of suspicion. Still, he had not the courage to confess what he had done.

"The Post' hasn't come!" he heard Margaret say to her sisters a few minutes afterwards, and their expressions of disappointment fell refreshingly upon his ears.

It seemed to Mr. Ashburn that he heard of little else while at the house during the whole day, but the failure of the newspaper. When night came, even he, as he sat with nothing to do but think about the new price of wheat he an hour before bed time, missed his old friend with the welcome face, that had so often amused, instructed and intended him.

On Monday morning the girls were very urgent for their father to ride over to the post office and see if the paper hadn't come, but, of course, the farmer was "too busy" for that. On Tuesday and Wednesday the same excuse was made. On Thursday Margaret asked a neighbor who was going to the office to call and get the newspaper for them. Ashburn's neighbor, Mr. Markland, the neighbor, was seen riding down the road, and Margaret and Jane ran down eagerly to the gate for the newspaper.

"Did you get the paper for us?" asked Margaret, showing two smiling rows of milk white teeth, while her eyes danced with anticipated pleasure.

Mr. Markland looked grave.

"Why?" asked both the girls at once.

"The post master says it has been stopped.

"Stopped!" How changed were their faces and tones of voice.

"Yes. He says your father directed it to be stopped."

"That must be a mistake," said Margaret. "He would never do that."

Mr. Markland rode on, and the girls ran back into the house.

"Father, the post master says you have stopped the newspaper!" exclaimed his daughters, breaking in upon Mr. Ashburn as no very pleasant reflections on the low price of wheat, and the difference in the return he would receive at ninety cents a bushel to what he would have realized at the last year's price of a dollar twenty five.

"It's true," he replied, trenching himself behind a firm, decided manner.

"But why did you stop it, father?" enquired the girls.

"Because I can't afford to take it. It's as much as I shall be able to do to get you enough to eat and wear this year."

Mr. Ashburn's manner was decided, and his voice had a repelling tone.

Margaret and Phebe could say no more, but they did not leave their father's presence without giving him eyes the benefit of seeing a few gush of tears. It would be doing injustice to Mr. Ashburn's state of mind to say that he felt very comfortable, as he had done since stopping the "Post," an effort by which he had hardly times more than half repented. But, as it had been done, he could not think of retracting it.

Very sober were the faces that surrounded the breakfast table next morning, and for few days after Mr. Ashburn felt very oppressed, and also inclined to think that his daughters should make both themselves and him perfect fools by giving up a paper, when he had such serious troubles to bear.

On the next Saturday, as Mr. Ashburn was walking over his farm, he saw a man sitting on one of his fences, dressed in a jockey cap, and wearing a short hunting coat. He had a rifle over his shoulder, and carried a powder flask, shot and bird bags. In fact, he was a fully equipped sportsman, a somewhat rare sight in those parts.

"What's this lazy fellow doing here?" said Ashburn, to himself. "I wonder where he comes from?"

"Good morning, neighbor," spoke out the stranger, in a familiar way, as soon as he farmer came within speaking distance. "Is there any good game about here?—Any wild turkeys, or pheasants?"

"There are plenty of squirrels," returned Ashburn, a little sarcastically, "and the woods are full of robbins.

"Squirrels make a first rate pie. But I needn't tell you that, my friend. Every farmer knows the taste of squirrels," said the sportsman with great good humor. "Still, I want to try my hand at wild turkey. You could not recommend the country to have a crack at game better worth the shooting than we get in the neighborhood of ——?"

"Your from P——, then?" said the farmer.

"Yes I live in P——."

"What did you leave there for?"

"Poor or five weeks ago.

"Then you don't know what wheat is selling for now."

"What! No. I think it was ninety-five or a dollar, I don't remember which, when I left."

"Ninety I should like to buy some at that."

"I have no doubt you can be accommodated, replied the latter farmer.

That is exceedingly low for wheat. If it wasn't for having a week's sport among your wild turkeys, and the hope of being able to kill a deer, I'd stop and buy up a lot of wheat on speculation."

"I could get you five hundred bushels myself," said the farmer, half hoping that this great customer might be tempted to buy at his advance upon the regular price.

"Will you?" interrogated the stranger.

"Yes."

"I'm half tempted to take you up. I really believe I—No!—I must knock over some wild fowl for a spell. It won't do to come this far without having some game than wheat. I believe I must decline, friend."

"What would you say to ninety-one?" The farmer had hardly a notion, a day or two before, of a tax of two or three cents in wheat, and if he could get off five hundred bushels upon this sportsman, who had let the lowest of his coal fly upon, he

enough to give a glimpse of a large, thick pocket-book, at ninety-one, it would be quite a desirable affair.

"Ninety one—ninety one," said the stranger, to himself. "That is a temptation! I can turn a penny in that. But the wild turkeys, I must have a crack at a wild turkey or a deer. I think, friend," he added, speaking louder, "that I will have some sport in these parts for a few days first. Then, maybe, I'll buy up a few thousand bushels of wheat if the prices haven't gone up."

"I shouldn't wonder if prices advanced a little," said the farmer.

"I wouldn't bet!" And the stranger looked into the farmer's face with a very innocent expression.

It can't go much lower, if there should be any change, it will doubtless be an improvement."

"How much wheat have you?" asked the sports man.

"I've about a thousand bushels left."

"A thousand bushels. Ninety cents, nine hundred dollars.—I'll tell you what, friend, since talking to you has put me into the notion of trying my hand at a speculation on wheat, I'll just make you an offer, which you may accept or not, just as you please. I'll give you ninety cents each for it, and you've got, one half payable now, and the other half on delivery of the wheat at the canal, provided you get it into store and deliver it accordingly."

Ashburn stood thoughtful for a moment or two, and then replied—

"Well, sir, it's a bargain."

"Which, to save time, we will close immediately. I will go with you to your house, and pay you five hundred dollars, and writing on it, 'Received on account, five hundred dollars.'"

"Say any amount that quantity," said Ashburn.

"No matter, a new bill can be made out for that I'll take all you have."

The farmer had no objection to the form proposed by the stranger, and therefore tore up the receipt he had written and made a bill out in the form desired.

Will you commence delivering to-day?" enquired the sportsman, who all at once began to exhibit a marked degree of interest in the business of "you," replied the farmer.

"How many wagons have you?"

"Two."

As it is down hill all the way to the canal they can easily take a hundred bushels each.

"Oh, yes.

Very well. They can make two loads apiece to-day, and by starting early, three loads apiece on Monday, which will transfer the whole thousand bushels to the canal. I will go down immediately and see that a boat is ready to commence loading. You can go to work at once."

By extra efforts the wheat was all delivered by Monday evening, and Ashburn received the balance of his money paid. As Mr. Ashburn was riding homeward he could not help noticing his waggon going past the fields with wheat in it, and he felt very sorrowful.

"No I see, friend Ashburn, that like me you are content to take the first advance in the market, instead of running the risk of a decline for a further rise in prices. What did you get for your wheat?"

"I sold for ninety cents."

"Ninety cents!" exclaimed the neighbor. "Surely you didn't sell so low?"

"I certainly did. I tried to get ninety-two, but ninety was the highest offer I could obtain."

"Ninety cents! Why, what has come over you, Ashburn? Wheat is selling at a dollar and ninety cents. I've just sold five hundred bushels for that."

"Impossible!" ejaculated the farmer.

"Not at all unpossible. Don't you know that by the late arrivals from England have come up to the coasts of a bad harvest, and that wheat has taken a sudden rise?"

"I really don't know any such thing," returned the astonished Ashburn.

"Well, it's so. Where is your newspaper?—Haven't you read it? I got mine on Friday evening, and saw the news. Early on Saturday morning, I found two or three speculators ready to buy up the last grain of wheat, and the difference in the return he would receive at ninety cents a bushel to what he would have realized at the last year's price of a dollar twenty five.

"Ninety cents!" exclaimed the neighbor. "Surely you didn't sell for that

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1875.

TERMS.

Single copies $5 per annum in advance—$2 when paid in advance.

For $5 in advance one copy will be sent three years. To Clubs we make the following extra terms, viz:

4 COPIES,	$8.00	PER ANNUM.
5 "	$10.00	" "
10 "	$20.00	" "
12 "	$20.00	" "

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance.

Letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Remittances must always state the Post Office county and State, as well as that to which the paper is to be addressed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PLAINFIELD is informed that the rule in question was offered to us as an original, and purchased by us as such.

We have not had an opportunity yet of communicating with the "exiled" upon the subject. To Pennfield's last query, we respectfully answer that we are always ready to examine what is sent to us.

SUBSCRIBER.—This poem has good passages, but there is a change in the structure of the last four verses which we think ugly. The accompanying poem is accepted with thanks.

LUCY.—The poem is respectfully declined—the sentiment conveying "Lizzie" shall have an early insertion.

THE FUNNY OLD LANGLEY.—We hate this sketch in not quite good enough by, our estimate. We are glad to hear that the writer is home safe from the seas.

DECLINED.—"I Would Know," "The Old Man," are respectfully declined.

TO POSTMASTERS.

Postmasters who have occasion to forward money to us, will please remember that the law restricts to Post Office Drafts, sent out of specimen upon the face of each. The old plan of forwarding the money direct to us, will henceforward have to be resorted to.

SWITZERLAND.

There is no country perhaps in the world, in whose welfare the people of the United States feel more deeply interested, than Switzerland. That noble cluster of free Cantons is enshrined in every American heart, in early life, by stories of Tell and his brave confederates, who first gave to their native mountains freedom and a name, and by other tales of heroic daring which have signalized the many wars the Swiss have waged for the integrity of their high mountain home, and liberty unsullied. And the young republican reads of him who on Sempach's enemy contested field, broke the array of Austrian spears, by gathering them into his own breast—of the Swiss, by heart thrills with admiration at each lofty devotion to country, and noble contempt of death; and during his after life he never hears without emotion the name of the land in whose stern but kind bosom such heroes have been nurtured.

The condition of Switzerland for several years past, has been turbulent in the extreme. It is known to our readers that part of the confederacy is Catholic, and part Protestant—the Protestant Cantons being for superior to the Catholic, in education, wealth and general intelligence. So much is this the case, that, upon interrogating a lady of our acquaintance, who had lately returned from Europe, as to whether there was any difference in the aspect of the two portions, she said she could "smell the difference." Our friend, Mr. Bayard Taylor, corroborates this statement. But, however this may be, it is certain that the disputes between the Protestants and Catholic Cantons have lately run very high, and the latter have formed themselves into a special union, called the Sonderbund, for the protection of their supposed interests. We do not understand the immediate subject of dispute between the two parties, but we believe it has some relation to the treaty, the Protestant Cantons demanding for their expulsion from Switzerland, and the Catholics defending the order.

From a late letter of the Paris correspondent of the *Deutsche Schnellpost*, in New York, we learn that the Swiss Diet is now in session in Berne. The

"Diet of 1847 brought forward no course. In the first sittings, the following measures were accepted by twelve full and two half votes—First, the dissolution of the Sonderbund as prejudicial to the Federation. second, the cashiering of all officers in the army of the Federation who render farther service to the Sonderbund and third, a prohibition against accepting or wearing any foreign orders and decorations. In the subsequent sessions, the following measures were brought forward and carried in the same majority: First, the immediate employment of efficacious measures to dissolve the reinforcery Sonderbund; second, the removal of all Jesuits from Switzerland; and third, *the revision of the articles of Federation which the express design of forming them the former union of twenty-two small cantons to a public, one SUPREME MILITARY SWISS REPUBLIC, on the model of the United States.*

This last measure seems to be of the greatest importance. Switzerland has never exercised her proper influence in Europe on account of the loose manner in which her Cantons are united together. If we are not mistaken, her present system is even inferior to the old Confederation, under which one vote from each canton bore equal weight in the Diet. The present Federal Constitution has saved us from constant anarchy, and made us one of the first powers of the earth; illustrating the old fable of the rods which separately could be easily broken, but bound together were as a single rod of iron. And may we not confidently hope that, by the adoption of a similar system, Switzerland may also become a Power, and not, as at present, almost a nonentity, in Europe.

But will the great despotisms of the old world stand idly by, and allow Switzerland time to become a compact, vigorous mass of Republican energy? Not if they can help it! Already Austria has given notice that she will oppose this by reign in the most decided manner. Austria, for centuries the great centre of the anti-republican, associates Switzerland with one land, while she stimulates Italy, fed on by the present noble and true spirited Pope, with the other. Russia will support Austria—Prussia, says the *Schnellpost*, will maintain her accustomed friendly relations with the present Directory, *so long as the form upon which its power rests shall not be disturbed on the occasion or wounded in its spirit.* Prussia has consented to the Austrian measure. And France—France of the Revolution, of the Reign of Days, of the "Citizen King"—our father, mentor, M. Guizot, has done it through the late secret treaty with her intervention. To the three Herr Ochsenbein, the leader of the Diet, made answer in right manly style, that if the three powers wish to play *our banque* we will play with them: and this is the feeling at all the Republican hearts of land. The able correspondent of the *Schnellpost* says that "In the fatherland of Tell there reigns a firm resolution to permit no guardianship, no interference of foreign powers in the internal affairs of the country. Quite as firm is the resolution to meet force with force and not to be terrified by threats of an intervention, or by the outbreak of itself.

But France will not join the Northern Powers in such an attempt—no Ministry in France, is even its King' dare do it.

And what does England say? Nothing yet, so far as her Government is concerned, but the Press of England begins to speak out in tones worthy of the land of Hampden and Sidney. Read the *Times* leader, Chronicle, in the course of an article on the subject, says:

Switzerland is in fact a European Tenderness, a Monument United Nations, the mirror from Europe by the friendly breadth of the Atlantic but entrenched as a fortress of impregnable to the trend the Frontier and delectable ground of European liberty and decency.

In that position, it again at all her perpetual internal divisions, she has maintained her unity and independence for five centuries. All Europe, and no country more than England, is deeply indebted to her for many a precious precept and example. The overthrow of feudalism, and the assertion of man's right to self-government, as a thinking and responsible agent, were first enunciated by Switzerland. There could be no better title to the gratitude of mankind, or claim for support when treacherously assailed or rigid, and her forbearance when she is *wrong*. Europe has not forgotten it. *England above all, will not forget it.*

The question how far the federal constitution of Switzerland requires an addition of amendment, is one of which foreign statesmen cannot correctly judge, and in which they have no right to interfere. The degree in which the concentration of the central force have been altered since 1804, they irresistible a reconstruction of the federal system, to an extent of which some but cautious can know the urgency. We would gladly see the formation of the new constitution committed to parties of more moderate opinions, and more likely to conciliate the confidence of all the cantons than the present dictatorial committee. But, we repeat, if the Swiss people, by the wishes of any foreign State, but the will of their own people, which, since it has successfully resisted the Sonderbund, has a right to give effect. The position of Switzerland is indeed a delicate one, and we sincerely hope that she may be blessed, but come what may, the independence of Switzerland must be maintained inviolate.

But, after all our dependence is in the Swiss themselves, and in the fine spirits that will gather to the assistance of their cause from Europe, and we are not my, from America, also, if the "Unholy Alliance" should dare to carry out their friendly Switzerland, Sarah Stevens, in a Paragraph in the Switzerland, as the London Chronicle well says, is a "*European Tenderness*," and has learned to put forth a strength worthy of it, and in her own right arm. If the despots of the old world wish another universal European war, let them attempt to blot out that bright beacon fire of liberty in the heart of Europe, and torture has blazed steadily up to Heaven from the heights of the uncorrupted Alps.

We are no advocates of war, but it does seem to us sometimes, that there is no other hope for the struggling masses of Europe. As in nature the lightning and the storm seem to be often necessarily necessary to break up a stagnant and impure atmosphere, so in some kingdoms there appears to be no cure for the deep and deadly evils which despotism has plunged the mass of the people, but in the lightning and tempest of war. Nevertheless, with the bloodshed and misery caused by the French Revolution, the literature of the world seems to be gradually settling down into the acknowledgment that, upon the whole, it was a blessing to the French and to mankind. Moral power is but, however when every man who breathes a syllable in favor of liberty of justice, is shouted down, or sent to rot out his life in the damp vaults of a dungeon, moral power has but little chance to operate. And while we remember the suffering of war, we must not forget the two million victims of peace, in Ireland.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

After our article upon Switzerland was written, we received the news by the steamer, which states that, before the arrival of the Paris correspondent, M. Guizot took the opportunity of alluding to the struggles now going on in Switzerland and Italy. The "Marseillaise" in Florence having interrogated the French foreign Minister upon these points, M. Guizot disclaimed, as heretofore, any intention on the part of France to interfere in the affairs of Switzerland, no intervention, he declared, being indicated. At the same time, M. Guizot did not attempt to conceal that the proceedings of the Radical party, "whose ideas," he said, "where they prevailed, brought about the disorganization of the country where they were in force," would be put down if they persevered in attempting to break up the federal compact by violence.

In relation to the attempt of Austria to coerce the Pope, by the occupation of Ferrara by Austrian troops, Guizot expressed the opinion that the step was one not in accordance with the treaties, if he thinks either his own action or England will send troops to Ancona, as was the case before, it is to be hoped that it may result in ending itself put down.

A curious feature of the times, is the contemplated abdication of so many sovereigns. Wilmer & Smiley's Times says—

No fewer than three or four potentates are declared to entertain serious intentions of abdicating their power and authority. The Emperor of Russia stands highest in political importance. He is said to be about to abdicate in favor of his son, a mere unexplained cause, and having provided the means of supporting himself liberally from the fund by liberal investments in the English and French funds, and other securities of a permanent nature. His intents, it is said, to retire to Italy, and there pass the remainder of his days. The King of Wurtemberg is the next. He has also made provision for his family, he like the Emperor of Russia, is also equally afflicted. He has returned to the Palace Lake in Bavaria, from Paris, in such a mentally debilitated state, that he is unequal to the exercise of the royal functions. The third on the list to receive what will be the quietus. Turning to Spain, the last accounts from Madrid stated that Queen Isabella expressed to her ministers her resolute intention to abdicate before the approaching session of the Cortes, a special council was summoned to deliberate upon the question.

In relation to the Queen of Spain, her reason for wishing to abdicate, is well known—her unhappy domestic relations with her husband. It is not to be thought—it proves that she is more a woman than a Queen. It is doubtful, however, that she will be allowed to carry her resolution into effect.

As to the other sovereigns—of Russia, Holland, and Belgium—we find nothing satisfactory as to their reasons for wishing to vacate their thrones.

Turning from political to commercial matters, it will be seen that breadstuffs have experienced further decline. The crisis in monetary affairs in England, and the fine prospect of crops in Great Britain and on the Continent, are doubtless the cause. The following is a comparative statement of the prices current for breadstuffs in Liverpool on the 16 and 17th ultimo:

The prices of Breadstuffs in Liverpool.

	August 3	August 13.
	Per Cambria	Gradalquivir
American wheat,	7 6 a 7 9	8 0 a 8 0
Indian corn,	25 0 a 26 0	26 0 a 26 0
Indian meal,	14 0 a 15 0	14 0 a 14 0
Western flour,	27 0 a 28 0	26 0 a 27 0

Our farmers will now have to rely principally upon the home market. The crisis in monetary affairs in the Atlantic cities is said to be small, and holders of produce will be disposition to fall with the foreign markets; though the news has of course a depressing effect.

ESCAPE OF PAREDES.

Gen. Paredes has done about the neatest thing at Vera Cruz, and, notwithstanding he is more bitter enemy against the United States than any other Mexican leader, we will give him credit for both daring and shrewdness. He took passage from Mexico, with his servants, on board the United States Mail Steamer Texist, for Vera Cruz, and arrived at the latter place on the 14th ult. As soon as the vessel came to anchor, he quietly walked off in a pilot boat, and was landed at the mole, from whence he made his way through the heart of the city to the residence of a Mexican merchant to whom he made himself known, and obtained from him a good pocket, and, together with horses for himself and servant, and "*remounted the ranks*" without delay.

Shortly after he had left the boat, the mail bag of the steamer was landed, which contained a letter from the American Consul at Havana, to our authorities at Vera Cruz, stating that Paredes was a passenger, and bidding them to be on the look out for him—but by this time the bird had flown.

The correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune says:

There is hardly an American here but what felt that he could capture Paredes, and the excitement at the astounding news that Paredes, the sworn enemy of the United States, the author of the war, the only man who, at the present situation of affairs can partially restore the confidence of the Mexican people, and inaugurate those ever since with a view to conquer their enemies, had passed unknown and unmolested, into and out of the gates of our city. He will no doubt make every effort to reach Mexico without delay.

The consequence will, no doubt, be the overthrow of Santa Anna, and more than likely he will come in hand the reins of government, crush all attempts at revolution, and lead the army in person against Gen. Scott, should he think it expedient. but if not, will send some other place beyond the city and prepare himself for another and perhaps better occasion. At all events, he is glad to see that that the Mexicans have been wanting ever since the Battle of Cerro Gordo, and now, that he is with them once more, there is no telling what unlucky events may be the result of his return from exile.

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THE FASHIONS.

We have received from F. Mahan, No. 911 Chestnut Street, his plate of the Fall and Winter Fashions. It is beautifully got up by a thing of the kind. A fine picture of Col. May, on his spiritual change, is not the least remarkable thing upon it.

EMPLOYERS AND EMPLOYED.

The journeymen tailors of this city have met, organized, and resolved to strike against reduced wages for higher wages. The employers also have had a meeting, which is thus reported by the "Daily News":

"After proper deliberation, they agreed to appoint a committee to confer with a similar committee of journeymen, and to arrange a bill of prices considerable to the interests of both branches of the trade. The bill of prices thus arranged, which they consent to be submitted to the council of journeymen, is to be presented to a meeting of employers, the low remuneration of skill and labor, the desire for steady and profitable arrangement of the matter, propose a negotiation instead of a combination, pledging themselves to an advance of 20 per cent. on all work given out, on condition that the journeymen suspended their bill of prices until the termination of the present dispute. The employers propose a *joint society of employers and journeymen, with a council from each branch, for the government of the society.*"

We wish to call the attention of our readers to the last clause of the above, as it indicates a new degree, what has long been a favorite idea of ours. The great cause of the reduction of wages, is excessive competition. Now this, in our opinion, is not such a thing as *fair* and *just* wages; and this is by no means always synonymous with what a workman can get, or the employer can afford in commercial years. That there is a tendency, in all countries, as they increase in population, to a depression in the fraction of the wages of workers at the labouring classes, is a fact of history; though this tendency has been counteracted in many cases by improvements in machinery, new inventions, &c. The cause of this tendency to low wages, is excessive competition among the laboring classes to get work. If there has seemed to us for many years, that if the journeymen of any trade would band themselves together, and agree upon a certain price for their work, and not underbid each other, that a scale of prices might be yearly agreed upon by committees from both bodies, which would be satisfactory to both parties. For employers do not care so much what prices they give their workmen, as that they shall get their work done as cheap as anybody else in the same place.

It may be argued that this would shut out all competition, and that the public would suffer from unreasonably high wages; but this is not the fact, in our opinion. There would still be the competition among other places to contend against, and the fact that the workmen would not be crushed out of existence by the ruinous competition of the city. What is contended for by the journeymen is no protection to those employed upon it, but is demanded by the Northern Powers. The occupation of Ferrara is a scandalous violation of the Roman territory, and will be made by the "Foreign News" in another column, the Pope has protested against it. Truly, things abroad appear to be coming to an open, if not a bloody crisis between the old and the new. Whether the growing freedom of Europe with a strong hand—but it may result in ending itself put down.

A curious feature of the times, is the contemplated abdication of so many sovereigns. Wilmer & Smiley's Times says—

No fewer than three or four potentates are declared to entertain serious intentions of abdicating their power and authority. The Emperor of Russia stands highest in political importance. He is said to be about to abdicate in favor of his son, a mere unexplained cause, and having provided the means of supporting himself liberally from the fund by liberal investments in the English and French funds, and other securities of a permanent nature. His intents, it is said, to retire to Italy, and there pass the remainder of his days. The King of Wurtemberg is the next. He has also made provision for his family, he like the Emperor of Russia, is also equally afflicted. He has returned to the Palace Lake in Bavaria, from Paris, in such a mentally debilitated state, that he is unequal to the exercise of the royal functions. The third on the list to receive what will be the quietus. Turning to Spain, the last accounts from Madrid stated that Queen Isabella expressed to her ministers her resolute intention to abdicate before the approaching session of the Cortes, a special council was summoned to deliberate upon the question.

In relation to the Queen of Spain, her reason for wishing to abdicate, is well known—her unhappy domestic relations with her husband. It is not to be thought—it proves that she is more a woman than a Queen. It is doubtful, however, that she will be allowed to carry her resolution into effect.

As to the other sovereigns—of Russia, Holland, and Belgium—we find nothing satisfactory as to their reasons for wishing to vacate their thrones.

Turning from political to commercial matters, it will be seen that breadstuffs have experienced further decline. The crisis in monetary affairs in England, and the fine prospect of crops in Great Britain and on the Continent, are doubtless the cause. The following is a comparative statement of the prices current for breadstuffs in Liverpool on the 16 and 17th ultimo:

The prices of Breadstuffs in Liverpool.

	August 3	August 13.
	Per Cambria	Gradalquivir
American wheat,	7 6 a 7 9	8 0 a 8 0
Indian corn,	25 0 a 26 0	26 0 a 26 0
Indian meal,	14 0 a 15 0	14 0 a 14 0
Western flour,	27 0 a 28 0	26 0 a 27 0

Our farmers will now have to rely principally upon the home market. The crisis in monetary affairs in the Atlantic cities is said to be small, and holders of produce will be disposition to fall with the foreign markets; though the news has of course a depressing effect.

ESCAPE OF PAREDES.

Gen. Paredes has done about the neatest thing at Vera Cruz, and, notwithstanding he is more bitter enemy against the United States than any other Mexican leader, we will give him credit for both daring and shrewdness. He took passage from Mexico, with his servants, on board the United States Mail Steamer Texist, for Vera Cruz, and arrived at the latter place on the 14th ult. As soon as the vessel came to anchor, he quietly walked off in a pilot boat, and was landed at the mole, from whence he made his way through the heart of the city to the residence of a Mexican merchant to whom he made himself known, and obtained from him a good pocket, and, together with horses for himself and servant, and "*remounted the ranks*" without delay.

Shortly after he had left the boat, the mail bag of the steamer was landed, which contained a letter from the American Consul at Havana, to our authorities at Vera Cruz, stating that Paredes was a passenger, and bidding them to be on the look out for him—but by this time the bird had flown.

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A CURIOSITY.

There is a man near Salem, N. J., who is over fifty years of age and yet has never been in Philadelphia. He is a curiosity because to use no curiosity.

SOCIALISM.

The Fourierists and other Socialistic point triumphantly to the success of the Communities at Economy and at Oneida, in the Shakers—and this is not a proof of the truth of the general principle of Socialism. Of late there too also been considerable said of a German community in New York. A large body of 1,100 Lutheran Swedes have also recently settled in Henry county, Illinois. The settlers from this latter community are believed to have a strong tendency towards the Communistic life. But let us look at this matter a moment. Socialism proposes to remedy the inequalities of *possible materials*, so far as their physical condition is concerned, no one doubts. They have the forces, the materials, and the power to make but a book at their spiritual condition. There seems to be no individuality among them. Communities, as they do religion in the aggregate, tend to end in despotism. When you visit them, you are conscious of the existence of one great moving power or soul—that of the Community—but individual souls there are none. In this fact is developed our strongest objection to Socialism—it leads to the individual man. While Rapp lived, there seemed to be but one man at Economy, the patriarch himself. He was the great centre of those mystical Germanic unities. They have no sympathies with the rest of the world. A spiritual deafness seems to reign over them. They give up the political and social activity; and were it not for the reports of curious travellers, you would not know they existed. A letter from Mr. Nordhoff, published in the *Herald*, a letter addressed to him by the Socialists of France, who thought they perceived a leaning in his writings towards Socialism.

"I do not know a single school of Socialists which more or less directly does not arrive at this conclusion, that poverty is a necessary and natural effect of the evil which is sought to be remedied; that, in the present condition of things, it is a law of society—that it ought to be concentrated exclusively upon the poor. There are no poor in the public sense, and if the instruments of labor, should organize labor itself by attributing to each the special function to which he has been judged fit, and should distribute according to certain rules, on which, however, opinions differ, the fruit of the common work. It is evident to me that the realization of such a system would never be attempted, and would never last, if it would never save, would reduce a man to be nothing but a machine, and that the people, that is to say, the negro, of which the planter deposes according to his own interests, is not fit for such a destination. I do not believe that ever ideas more disastrously put into circulation, and more degrading, than those of into the human mind, and even did they not lead, by their consequences, to the ruin of all, at least, are only just, none could be more radically impracticable. Fourierism, and some such originating in the same principles, are the only ones which in my opinion in their practical principles, *are to be* the Communistic ideas, and I am sure that *the facts of all mentality.* I have nothing to say about Cabet's system, which is not applicable to France. You asked me for my opinion, and here you have it."

Editorial Varieties.

GENERAL TAYLOR.

We unconsciously alluded, in our last week, that another letter had been received from General Taylor. This last one is addressed to a Mr. Delevy Taylor, of Louisiana, in answer to one from that gentleman, asking his opinions as to the War, Bank and Tariff. General Taylor answers very properly that he has not the necessary information to form an opinion, it would not be proper in him to give any opinion." As to the Bank and the Tariff, he says that "prosperity is never the outgrowths put to him. He says—

"I could only do so after investigating those subjects, which I cannot now do; my whole time being fully occupied in attending to my proper official duties. I could not, under the present state of circumstances, and I must say to you in substance as I have said to others in regard to similar matters, that I am no politician. Near sixty years of my life have been spent in the public service, in the army, most of which in the field, the camp, the military frontier, or in the Indian country—and yet nearly the whole of my life in Texas. During which time I have not passed one night under the roof of a house.

The rest of the letter, is a reiteration of his other expressed opinions, as to keeping unpledged and free from party.

"Should I ever occupy the White House, it must be by the unsolicited voice of the people, and I will not act of mine, so that I could go into the office untrammeled, and be the Chief Magistrate of the whole people, and not of a party."

The letter is not distinguished by his usual clearness of style, but, upon the whole, it is a very good one, and is quite frank, and under constant interruption."

A word in conclusion. We wish General Taylor would throw all these impertinent letters addressed to him from all quarters of the country, into the fire. Do the letter writers suppose that a General, in the field, has no other business than to attend to them, than to write letters to every man who has a crotchet in his head, or another to bring, responding with "Old Rough and Ready." If Gen. Taylor intends to be a candidate for the Presidency, he ought not to let the people know his opinions at a proper time, but he is not bound to sit down and write four letters to every private he meets in every voter in the United States, giving each voter a true and accurate statement of his opinions. We have had enough of this nonsense. It is an abominable imposition upon the time and amiability of the old General, and we hope he will get out and farm it, or, if these days—and we fear they are—the letters will have a chance, perhaps, to "flare up," too.

MISS McCREA.

A correspondent of the New York Evening Post, explains away the mystery that has so long surrounded the truth of the well known account of the murder of that beautiful young lady by her Indian escort. He says:

Mr. Neilson, who had the story from an eye witness, says that on the morning of the murder, Miss McCrea was not seen outside the camp, and that the plans about eighty rods north of the fort, where they had been encamped for the night, and where they had left her was found the next day in a ravine near their place of encampment. A British officer, who had headed a scouting party from the fort on the morning of the murder, returning with his almost entirely cut off by the savages. Whether his unfortunate captive was killed by the Indian or by some other purposes, is purely conjectural. His body was found by the side of that of Miss McCrea, conveyed, by the returning Americans—who were driven back by the British troops—to the fort, and buried in the garden of the fort—in a spot about three miles from the place where the body of Miss McCrea was found. Mr. Neilson, who had the story from an eye witness, says that on the morning of the murder, Miss McCrea was not seen outside the camp, and that the plans about eighty rods north of the fort, where they had been encamped for the night, and where they had left her was found the next day in a ravine near their place of encampment. A British officer, who had headed a scouting party from the fort on the morning of the murder, returning with his almost entirely cut off by the savages. Whether his unfortunate captive was killed by the Indian or by some other purposes, is purely conjectural. His body was found by the side of that of Miss McCrea, conveyed, by the returning Americans—who were driven back by the British troops—to the fort, and buried in the garden of the fort—in a spot about three miles from the place where the body of Miss McCrea was found. The story of the tragedy was very long believed.

Mr. Cooper's account may be the true one; but it is very singular it was never heard of till this late day. The very witness referred to, must be a very old man, and if he was present at the time, he must have been a man of mature years. The story has always been believed, and the report of the tragedy

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin Territories, and Saint Louis, Mo.

Messrs. J. Gardner Smith, T. T. Dent, W. T. Jennings, and Frederick Smith, are our Agents for Maryland.

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, C. W.

Messrs. J. Gardner Smith and Travelling Agent for the State of Louisiana, will receive Subscriptions and Money for this paper in the State of Louisiana.

Mr. HENRY H. LEWIS is our Travelling Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

THOMAS BEVEREN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Peoria.

CHAS. S. RUPELEY will receive subscribers' and contributions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, de de. de. No New York State.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Our Correspondents

LETTER FROM NASHVILLE

Happening to glance rather more carefully than usual over the columns of the "Union" yesterday, I saw a new and good looking paper published in Clarksville, Tenn., we came across what purported to be an "interesting" letter in the editor of the Saturday Evening Post, dated at Nashville, and signed by a "Young Lawyer." Now I make no claim to overweening at first, but we soon saw that the "Young Lawyer" had wanted a nail to hang his letter upon, and had therefore selected the Post. As the letter is addressed to us, and written in a pleasant, offhanded style, we know no reason why we should not insert it

NASHVILLE, July 19, 1847.

Messrs. Editors of the Saturday Evening Post:

Gentlemen: Such I know must unless one is write you from this place, unless it is the having just been pursuing a very interesting number of your valuable paper, which by the by, I find pleasant reading here. I am told that upwards of two hundred and forty copies are taken here; and it must be the fault of your enterprising agent, if this fine number is not soon increased to three hundred. We are a reading community this way and know how to appreciate good reading matter.

Have you ever been in our beautiful city? I will take it for granted that you have not or you would not now be living at the North. Nashville is a well situated, square brimmed city of brotherly love, where you now hang out your shingle. People come here almost to Nashville always sing!. Can't get away and don't want to, as the Mexican general said to Santa Anna, who told him to escape from Scott with Santy Anny's head on his shoulders.

To say nothing of Tennessee which is the cap State of the Union, it must of course have the finest city in it. We have the finest country, the largest churches, the biggest capitol, the bravest people, the prettiest women and some of the most of your cities on east. We have made and raised two Presidents for you, and given you a Post Master General in Cave Johnson, and may give you another along the line to let this go *fire* if he know how I was crazin' up Tennessee.

We have got one city built fast upon a rock and so we are in danger of no winds, nor rains nor floods, which they can't say in Orleans, where the folks that can afford "Shell Road" to ride upon, are serving Indian-rubber leather beds, expecting to be called upon before morning to paddle out. We are in the centre of the Union, and the centre of one of our limestone paved streets and makes the water stink when a steamer comes in our business. The water is excellent and cool, and we get it at the sight, and the air is filled with caloric till sunrise, when it is breaking, engine cook their steaks on the court house steps, and black folks send the water round in the street to put to their footses.

We've got plenty of volunteers here, sail to look at ven makes a man feel like swallowin' a live Mexican. Colonel Haskell is here, and a brave fine-looking man he is, and will make a fine Colonel, whatever those who don't know him may say.

The hotels here are very fine, and always full. Our Astor House is the Swanson Hot, on College street. It reminds one very much of Sanderson's elegant "Merchants," on Fourth street. It is kept by Dr. Cowan, who is a perfect gentleman, and knows that understand their profession and take a pride in it. His house is furnished with costly luxury, and his evening rooms are lighted with gas. Many I have seen East. This Nashville is such a wealthy public spirited place, that we mean to have the finest hotels for the entertainment of our friends that come to see us. It is the intention of our "first men" to erect an Astor House of their own soil, and give the management to the gentlemanly proprietor of the Swanson, who has no superior except Nature, and Tom Marshall says he is the best waiter, but he didn't stop to take his glove off and offer him an ensaty hand, but shook with it on! The new Astor will like our capitol, be an ornament to the State, and will be constructed of the pure white lime-stone, which is harder and more beautiful than marble. Mr. Strickland, who is the architect of the Capitol, is to erect them, will make a plan that, mark me, will leave all other hotels in the Union quite in the back ground. I invite you to come and see when it is done, and you shall draw as many cocks as you please the first week and no footsos asked!

We have just visited the Nashville end of the railroad that is to connect us with Savannah. This is a great move, and when we get out "across" up here, we shall be *rolling*. We have the power to get either and that at our leisure, you the while looking out of the Telegraph office window at the pen you passed in Clement street, I at the window flouting upon our river. This is a great country, though poor McConnel could not get a resolution passed in the House in favor of the Nashville and Decatur road.

We are a great political State as the world knows. We know more of politics and talk more politics, than all the States in the Union besides. We think of getting up a political college, where orators are to be taught by professors and degrees conferred. When Mr. Polk enters we shall make him Professor of it. All we want to know is the time, so as to intend that no man shall be qualified on a candidate for Congress who has not graduated, per diploma, from the political college of Nashville.

Mrs. President Polk passed through here yesterday, on a visit to her mother. She travels long, that is country and people, and I am told that she learned that she is here. She is an accomplished lady and much beloved here. But I am at the end of my sheet, so good evening.

THE YOUNG LAWYER

Items of News.

THE HUTCHINSONS.—The charming Abby has written a letter to Mrs. Hewitt, which contains the following account of some members of this interesting family. Abby says:

"Asa has purchased the 'old home farm' from father, and Judson has one adjoining it. John is about to build a cottage and a cottage is about to be a cottage among the Elms, (not the Elms, lower Clay, now,) but to the 'old Granite State.' Asa was married last Monday week and is very happy!"

Good for Asa!

CURTAILMENTS.—A new extension of contracted quarter eagles are to be struck at the Mint. Their date is 1847, and their execution so good, that they have even been received in banks. There is said to be a large quantity of them in the Mint.

EXTENSION OF THE ISTHMUS.—Mr. O'Reilly promises to have the telegraph extended to Louisville, some time during the present month. Late early part of the week prices were bought at 6 a penny per line. The line is to be kept open till 10 o'clock at night, and to run from Louisville, near the branch of the telegraph will go to St. Louis, and another to New Orleans.

PUBLIC LANDS.—The sale of public lands in Milwaukie, for the month of July amounted to 28,231 and a fraction of acres sold, for which $35,- 289 47 were received. About two-thirds of the land was in lots of 40 acres each.

A CHANCE TO VOTE.—Steps have been taken by the proper authorities to secure to each of our fellow citizens now in arms in Mexico, as are qualified by law, the right to vote. The necessary blanks and directions have been sent.

SPARES.—The question, "do snakes bite?" has been referred to the New Jersey *Horticultural Society*.

NEW APPOINTMENT.—We understand that Rev. Professor McClintock, of Dickinson College, has been appointed Principal of the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, Lima, N. Y. This flourishing institution numbers, according to the last catalogue, four hundred and forty-seven students.—*Spirit of the Times.*

IRELAND AND REPEAL.—Such is the success of the Repeal cause in Ireland, that at the late elections for members of Parliament; in almost every instance, those friendly to it were elected, and those adverse to it defeated.

FROGS.—Millions of small green frogs have appeared in St. Lawrence county, N. Y. They cover the road from Flatsburg to Cumberland Head, and thousands are crushed by the wheels of passing wagons.

MARIA MOSK.—We are informed that the notorious Maria Mosk is now an inmate of the State Prison at Sing Sing, having been sent thither on a conviction for grand larceny.—*Brooklyn Advertiser.*

TELLS.—It is said that the tolls on the Pennsylvania Canal, the present year, will probably exceed one million of dollars, an amount nearly double the receipts of any former year.

THE HOG.—The age of the hog, in most parts of Hindostan, is from 5 to 7 years. It will fatten if suffered to run at large, having been sent thither on a conviction for grand larceny.—*Brooklyn Advertiser.*

THE BELGIAN GOVERNMENT has determined to establish a direct steamboat communication between Antwerp and the United States.

THERE will be an eclipse of the sun on the 9th of October, 1847, which will be annular, or ring-like, in the south of England, but not completely so north of a line drawn from Greenwich to Gloucester.

A vessel has arrived with nearly two hundred packages of lemon-juice for the service of the navy, and the Lords of the Treasury have given directions for it to be deposited in the Queen's store rooms at Deptford.

A remarkable fast has been performed by the gardener of Lord Rolle, who has been constructing pine-apples in the open air, in Devonshire. After the fruit was set in May last, the pots containing the plants, which were placed in a trench, which was sheltered by banks from cold winds, and covered with charcoal bay; and no successful did these experients continue to the cold of the climate, that the fruit of the pines are said to have been of excellent quality.

At Carleton, near Dundalk, there is a splendid ash tree, the present proprietor of which, the end of which was taken from an Egyptian mummy, in which it was supposed to have been 3,000 years. The stalks are a foot higher than common wheat, and present a luxuriant appearance.

Several successful experiments have been recently made in France, on the etherization of bees, so as to be able to take their honey while in a state of torpor, without the necessity of destroying their lives.

A correspondent at St. Helens informs us that on Sunday, the Wye Watercress fell off the rocks and just captured a fine brigantine, with 510 slaves on board; she was apparently an American built vessel, but had, when captured, neither papers nor colors on board.

A correspondent of the Agricultural Gazette says that he counted one hundred pods, sprinkled over the turnip plant, in a sure preventative of the fly in turnips.

As a proof of the pressure of the late high prices of food upon the resources of the poor, we may instance that the payments into the Savings' Banks of the United Kingdom, during the quarter ending the 5th of July, amounted to only £61,000, whilst the amount withdrawn was not less than £1,200.

Mr. Hudson has fixed a higher rate of interest being now obtained by other modes of investment, may have contributed to this large withdrawal of funds.

There are now in the St. Katherine's Docks, which are filled with vessels of all nations, the great quantity of 100,000 barrels of wheat from the west, waiting cosy room to discharge; besides a large quantity of Indian corn meal and corn.—*London News, Aug. 14.*

Alfred Tennyson, the poet, has been supporting Father in the Isle of Wight. He has married Miss Emily Sellwood, and several houses the bells rang and the flags were displayed at Freshwater.

The Queen of Spain has ordered the keepers of the royal palaces not to clean the windows without the approval them.

The Circassian wife said to have cut off the ears of a Russian General whom they had taken prisoner, and to have sent them to the Czar, is a Count O'connore, the Russian Commander-in-Chief.

The Manchester Inspectors' return that the losses by explosions of steam boilers in Great Britain, for the year ending 31st October, 1845, to July, 1847, amount to the enormous sum of £48,000,000.

IRELAND.

The usual weekly meeting of the Repeal Association was held on the 19th inst., in the Corn Exchange Rooms, Mr. Archdeacon Carroll read an address from the Right Rev. Dr. Phelan, Catholic Bishop of the diocese, signed by the Bishop and thirteen other clergymen, expressive of their confidence in Mr. John O'Connell as their future leader.

Mr. John O'Connell read a reply, in which he said that he would adhere to the sentiments and principles of his father with the same success as the latter had done.

The Galway Vindicator mentions the re-appearance of the potato disease in that district.

FRANCE.

Another prosecution for corruption seems likely to be promised by the Government. The National, having published a statement that an offer had been made to a person professing to be in the employ of the Government, to obtain a railway concession, established a counter-charge of receiving it. Both having each, the Procureur du Roi has summoned the editors to appear before the proper tribunals, and to produce his proofs of the charge which he has made. The case by a day passed by. Disclosures of corruption are publicly made.

SPAIN.

With regard to Spanish affairs, the same deplorable Court intrigue seems to poison the happiness and impair the prosperity of the country. The dissensions and now disgraceful conduct of the Queen and Queen Mother to each other, give rise to a good deal concern, and whilst Madrid is occupied with these rabble, the remainder of the kingdom are again threatened with insurrection.

A letter has been learned to connect the movements in Catalonia, by a relative of Cabrera, with the bands at Cadiz; who were appearing in Arragon, Navarre, and the Basque Provinces.

Already have captures and the usual sanguinary executions taken place on both sides. In the meantime the people of Madrid amuse themselves in attending the theatres at the palace doors.

Senor Olozaga has been suddenly recalled to Madrid, in order to give the Queen Mother the benefit of his counsel and how

A Splendid Poem.

ETERNAL JUSTICE.

[We met with the following splendid piece lately in an exchange. It is by Charles Mackay, an English [illegible]

The man is thought a knave or fool,
Or bigot, plotting crime,
Who, for the advancement of his kind,
Is wiser than his time.
For him the heralded shall dwell;
For him the axe be bared;
For him the gibbet shall be built;
For him the stake prepared:
Him shall the scorn and hate and wrath of men
Pursue with deadly aim;
And sudden, ready, spare, and lies,
Shall denounce his name.
But truth shall conquer at the last;
For error and round rot
And even the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

Pass through thy cell, old Socrates,
Cheerily to and fro;
Trust to the inspire of thy soul;
And let the prison flow
That many shatter to earth the lamp of clay
That holds a light divine,
But they cannot quench the fire of thought
For any such deadly aim;
They cannot blot thy spoken words
From the memory of men;
By all the nations ever was breathed
Shine time in course begins.
To-day shalted, to-morrow adored,
A round and round we run.
And ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

Plod in thy dusty grey Anchorite;
Be wiser than brighter sin with Antony, and
Conquer the range of human power,
And trust to coming years
They may call thee wizard and monk accursed,
And lead thee with disgrace;
Thou wert born five hundred years too soon
For the comfort of thy days
But not too soon for human weal
Time hath onward in store;
And for a season of our race become
The saints that we adore.
The blind can see, the slave is lord;
So round and round we run,
And ever the wrong is proved to be wrong,
And ever is justice done.

Keep, Galileo, in the thought,
And serve thy soul to bear;
They may give for the senseless words they
wrong
From the grasp of the degrad
They may veil their eyes, but they cannot hide
The sun's meridian glow.
The lust of a priest may prod thee down,
And a tyrant wash thee woe
But never a truth has been destroyed
They may curse it and call it crime;
Parrots and hoary, or slander and slay
Its teachers for a time.
But the sunshine eye shall light the sky,
As round and round we run,
And the truth shall ever come uppermost,
And justice shall be done.

And love there now such men as these—
With thoughts like the great of old?
Many have died in their misery,
And left their thoughts untold;
And many live, and are ranked as mad,
And pinned in the cold world's ban,
For needing their bright for seeing souls
Three centuries in the van.
They toil in penury and grief,
Unknown, their maligned
Fortune, follows, hearing the scorn
Of the meanest of mankind
But yet the world goes round and round,
And the genial seasons run,
And ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever in justice done.

Selected Articles.

UNWRITTEN POLITICS.

BY G. W. BRADBURY.

The political history of this country is divided into two parts, the written and the unwritten.—Perhaps there is an much interest legislature attached to the latter as to the former. In order that there is much in the unwritten that would state more light upon the course of political affairs and upon the secret of party policies that has been placed on record in the State Department, preliminaries, or disseminated by the press of machinery called the press. I propose to rescue from unmerited oblivion an item of unwritten history, and the fact that I give several names, dates and all, will surely be the unconditions of its perfect authenticity.

Along about July, 1820, it became evident to cool and calculating politicians, that Mr. Clay must inevitably receive the Whig nomination for the Presidency, and that, to use a phrase more expressive than choice, "Henry Harrison's case was all dough." It was clear enough that a very large majority of the delegates elected to the National Convention were not favorable to Gen. Harrison, and his immediate friends were accordingly forced to the conclusion that the Farmer of Ashland must receive the nomination. The was the opinion of the old General himself, no he could calculate chances as well as the best of them, and sometimes a little better.

About this time, J. Washington Tyson, a politician of some note in Pennsylvania, then a member of the Legislature from Philadelphia, and subsequently second Assistant Post Master General under Tyler, came to Cincinnati on a sort of an intrigue, at the head of which were Thaddeus Stevens, Charles B. Penrose, and other leading Harrisonians in Pennsylvania. Be it remembered that Pennsylvania had held two State Conventions—one Clay, the other Harrison—and that each had appointed a set of Delegates to the National Convention. In anticipation of a possible contingent upon this fact, Tyson, an ardent, shrewd and accomplished political schemer, came to Cincinnati for the express purpose of making things straight. How far he succeeded will be seen in the sequel.

Tyson had remained in the city two or three days waiting for Georgia Harrison, but the latter happened to be too busy on his farm. The politician became impatient, and finally proposed to John—I was about to call him Johnny—that the Harrison argue at the time, where I made a long harangue—it pay a visit to the old veteran at his residence. Accordingly we got a carriage, and early one afternoon, for North Bend, where we arrived about five o'clock. We found the General in his shirt sleeves, superintending some farm business, were welcomed with his usual simple straightforwardness to the hospitality of his log cabin, were hospitably regaled with a glass of genuine Monongahela, and commenced in preliminary terms to remain for the night. We consented. After supper, we seated ourselves under the Clinton grove in front of the house, where a delicious conversation ensued until we retired for the night. Tyson had not been able to touch the object of his mission. We slept in a large room with two beds—on the right wing of the mansion, the identical log cabin of North Bend and a log cabin it is to this day. Said Tyson to me as we crawled beneath the sheets—

"I couldn't bring that thing round right, and so said nothing about the—suppose you mention the matter to the old General in the morning," and breathing the subject you know—and I'll leave the matter the distinct proposition.

Being very young and very inexperienced, and very modest, I declined.

"Nonsense, Tyson, it is your own business—we're no right to meddle with it, General Harrison is here and honest, treat him in accordance with his character—tell him boldly what you want, and you'll get a prompt and complete reply."

"I believe that is the best way," said Tyson, and so we went to sleep.

We were awakened at the morning by an awful tumult among hens, roosters, chickens, geese ganders, and other fowl, and on looking from the windows—I was not yet sixteen—there stood the General surrounded by an immense progeny of the domestic feathered race. His benevolent old features were lit up by a keen and beaming smile, while he liberally distributed the dough that filled the capacious can, containing the meal for his favorite progeny. It was a picture that never will be erased from my memory. That honest-hearted old man derived more happiness from feeding that flock than he ever enjoyed afterwards—it was quite a different fowl from that which surrendered upon a few months later.

Waiting we took a nice comfortable sort of breakfast, and seated ourselves under the Clinton tree again. After some slight conversation, the Pennsylvania negotiator opened the ball:

"General, it is well understood among your friends, I believe, that you cannot receive the nomination for the Presidency."

"Such seems to be the opinion," said General Harrison.

"You are aware, then, of course, that the friends of Mr. Clay have so managed matters as to give you an sort of a chance."

"Well, I can only say that I think my chances rather a slim one."

"Now, in plain terms, General, let me tell you what your friends in our State have determined to do. The Harrisburg delegation will go to the Convention—if admitted, all very well; but if the Convention receive the Clay delegation from Pennsylvania, then we propose to withdraw and form another National Convention, in the confident expectation that we shall be joined by the delegates from Ohio, Indiana, and all other States favorable to you; and then we shall make a separate, distinct and independent nomination. Now, sir, the question is this—should we make a movement, under such circumstances, would you allow yourself to be run as an independent candidate?"

The veteran laid back in his chair thoughtfully for a moment, and at last burst into a hearty, good-natured laugh.

"Mr. Tyson," said he, "let me tell you a little bit of a story, which you will find, if I mistake not, in Plutarch's Lives. I may not give you the exact words, but very near it. Pompey the Great visited Mark Antony, at Misenum. After settling some business affairs they mutually invited each other to supper; but it fell to the lot of Pompey to give the first entertainment, when Antony asked him where they should sup? 'There,' said Pompey, pointing to the galley of six oars, 'that is all the patrimonial home that is left to Pompey.' However, he entertained his friend very splendidly, after which he threw down a bridge from the promontory to the vessel that rode at anchor. During the entertainment, while the banquet was in progress with Antony, and Cleopatra, Menas came to Pompey and told him secretly, that if he would permit him to cut the cable, he would not only make him master of Italy and Sardinia, but of the whole Roman Empire. Pompey, after a moment's deliberation, answered, 'Ah, why didn't you do the deed and consult me afterwards?'

"Come, gentlemen," said the General, as he finished his story, "it is rather early, to be sure, but let us go in and take a little of that old Monongahela."

We were on our way up the road that skirts the banks at the beautiful Ohio, in about an hour afterwards. The conversation was that of a moralizer, there was no further conversation about politics, or we the General had told his story. Tyson had not been able to say, and I will be bound to say, that he didn't care, whether we stopped to get up steam.

"Well," said he, drawing a long breath, "I'll give over and see a judicious friend in Lancaster, and, quietly, essentially, and outrageously cast up!"

My answer, mentally, may well be imagined.

THE HUMAN HAIR.

The hair, the principal ornament of the "human head divine," has, ever since Eve, with the true tact of womanhood, known that it was a mark of beauty, been subjected to as many and as curious fashions as dress.

It is peculiar to almost all animals, but particularly by the Mammalia.

It is subject to various changes, by time, country and circumstance; in infancy it is usually of a light brown color, gradually becoming darker with age, and in old age it generally becomes gray or white.

What is most singular about the hair, showing that it is vegetative, and entirely different from the rest of the body, it continues to grow after death.

Different colors of hair, have at different periods been most esteemed. The Grecian Venus had golden tave had their admirers. In the time of Ovid the Romans imported much blond hair into Germany, where it was the prevailing fashion. Then those who enjoyed a good crop of hair, and yet wished to conform to the mode, sprinkled their coarse locks with gold dust. Black hair was much esteemed and practiced the art of dying the hair. The poet, Sir Richard Blackmore, says—"The Romans Power of Great Britain," says— The submission ton of a French barons, with all its unaccountables, was created by hand to be purchased for it, in the about £50 000. On the 14th of May, 1839, £507,000 in gold, was paid. But the greater part of this sum was paid in the following way—coffee tellers

Our Picture Gallery.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

The Bank of England—the largest bank in the world—was founded in 1694. Several schemes had been presented by different individuals for a banking establishment; but at the period of a Scotch gentleman of the name of Patterson was acted on. He proposed to William III. being ill, that for want of money, it was proposed to lend it £1,200, 000, on the condition of the lenders receiving a charter of incorporation as a banking company. This was agreed to; the subscription list was filled in ten days, and on the 27th of July, 1694, the Bank received its charter of incorporation. By this charter, the management of the bank was committed to a governor, deputy governor, and twenty-four directors. The charter was at first limited to eleven years; but it has been renewed at successive periods since—the last renewal was in 1833, when the extended till 1855, with a proviso that in 1845 if Parliament think fit, and the money owing by government to the Bank be paid up, the charter can then be annulled. Other changes have been made in the management of the Bank, on the renewal of the charter in 1833, and it was then decreed that a statement of the affairs of the Bank should be sent weekly to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that an average statement of these accounts should be published quarterly.

The amount of money lent by the Bank to the government gradually increased, in 1725, it was £14,686,801. It has since been reduced to £11, 015 100. This large sum is the security given to the public for the solidity of the Bank.

The "Bank" is certainly an enormous pile of building. It was restored to the law Sir John Soane to new wrap the thought—for it is a favorite for the Bank, used as it is for its present purposes. His opinion was, that £35 000 per annum was a fair charge for rent, and £7,000 for taxes, repairs, &c., making £42000. In 1832, there were employed at the Bank 870 clerks and porters, and in printers and engravers; and were also 120 pensioners—chiefly superannuated clerks, who received in pensions £31,183, averaging £161 to each. In the same year, the salaries and pensions amounted to £218,003, the house expenses to £59,157, the directors allowance was £8,000, and the rest, &c. was not known, as already stated, at £40,000. This making £40,